

YEAR

by Jag M7

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Summary: Spartan 117 is to be replaced. After he is found, the project loses interest and funding. With insufficient equipment, will the project succeed? Evan is the perfect candidate to set the plan in motion. He's been in league with the UNSC as long as he can remember. During the operation he loses his mind and attacks. He must be stopped. But is mental instability all that's happening?

YEAR

****Prolouge****

****A/N:** I would like to thank the following Authors for their contribution to this story: JetH ; for creating the character Jet and beta reading, natergater; for creating the character Hawkwolf, KnightCheifGaming; for creation the character Spartan 088 and writing the tie-in story "Sparatn 088", and you; for reading.**

Hello, Spartan V applicant! This is the final confirmation that you will not hold the Spartan V board of directors or any other members of ONI and the UNSC accountable for any side effects caused by our lack of budget after the return of Spartan 117.****

Signed:****

****X **_Commander Sarah Palmer_**

****X **_Captain Thomas Laski_**

****X **_Dr. Catherin Halsey_**

****X **_Sgt. Avery Johnson_**

****X **ONI Director Lenard Church**

**X **_ONI Director Charles Jefferson_

**X **_"Hawkwolf" _

[Spartan V Board of Directors]

X **_**

[Applicant]

END MESSAGE

This information had all been clarified before, but by regulation they had to be absolutely sure the applicant, in this case it was a man named Even Jonas, didn't sue the United Nations Space Command for the many risks. This operation was much riskier than most Spartan augmentations, -not that they were without risks, of courseâ€"because the project was started after the fall of the Spartan II's, when finding a replacement was high in UNSC priorities. Since then, several of the Spartan II's had been found and the project lost most of its interest and funding.

The five people who remained on the project (Originally seven, but one of them had since committed suicide and the other KIA) were reckless warriors, starship captains who were known to disobey direct orders, scientists charged with treason, former insurrectionists, and enigmatic politicians. Needless to say, if something happened, nothing good would become of this group.

**X **_Even Jonas_

He signed and handed it to the security guard to take to Director Jefferson. He sat, listening, in the waiting room until the intercom crackled to life. "Even, you've been verified. Please head to medical room 05 on the third floor." Said some intern in the office.

When he arrived, he was greeted by nervous looking surgeons and supervisors. _I can't blame them for being nervous, _he thought. _If I don't make it through this they lose their jobs. _However, Even had nothing to lose for himself. He felt he had served the UNSC well, and would die feeling satisfied. If he survived, he would continue to serve the UNSC on an even greater scale.

He ignored the nurse's explanation of the procedure to pray one last time. It was a somewhat meaningless prayer, he didn't care much about religion but his momâ€"well, one of the ODS's who rescued him from insurrectionists and raised him as a second child, had taught him to pray before important events.

"Alright," the head surgeon said as he dug through a drawer. "We'll start the operation as soon as this drug puts you to sleep." He said pulling out a vial and pouring its contents into a syringe. A nurse pressed a switch on a remote and metal cuffs sprung out of the bed around my wrists and ankles.

"What are these for?" Even asked.

"Just a precaution, as the operation could cause you to become mentally unstable and turn you homicidal." She said with a smile.

"Great. That makes me feel great." He said as he felt the needle push into his arm and his vision went white.

Even awoke a dark, musty concrete room with chains and shackles hanging from the walls. _What happened? Am I dead? _He thought as we sat on the floor, waiting for something to happen. "Hello?" He called.

A figure dressed in black robes appeared, with a hood covering his eyes and casting a shadow over the rest of his face.

Even opened his mouth to speak, but the robed man spoke first. "I know what you're thinking, Even Jonas, and yes, when I say I know what you're thinking, I mean it. Just know this: You're body, belongs to me. Until I'm done with it, you'll remain here. Just call me the Dark Assassin. Any questions? Good because I'm not answering them. Tootle-oo!" He said pulling off his hood and uncovering a tipped back, rotting skull staring into Even with its empty eyes.

Even shut his eyes to block the image, but when he closed them he found himself waking up in the hospital bed back on earth. _Phew. It was just a dream. _Even tried to say, but his lips didn't as much as move in response. He began trying to struggle against the cuffs, but he remained lying down peacefully. Thinking, he closed his eyes and was again in the dungeon. "What?" Even muttered before shutting them again and finding himself back in the hospital.

He tried moving again, and still his muscles were unresponsive. _WHAT? _He thought again._ Then his body lurched into action. He began to shake and spasm. He felt as if something else was moving in, like a foreign substance had entered his bloodstream. He shouted an angry roar and burst out of the shackles.

The doctors panicked and scrambled across the room. Even, rather _Evan's body_, looked to both sides and followed their movements, then down at his bleeding wrists and scarred arms. _Yesâ€| this is goodâ€| _Even heard the voice of the Skeleton in the Dungeon say.

Even shut his eyes and returned to the dungeon. The dead man was nowhere to be seen. He dared another look in the hospital and closed his eyes. A doctor was running up to him with another sedative. The Dark assassin ducked with uncanny speed, swept his right leg beneath the woman's feet; sending her skyward. Evan's body resumed an upright posture and flung the lingering woman into the next room with his fist.

A nurse who had been holding bandages for his ankles dropped them and shriveled back into the corner. Dark Assassin walked at a deliberately slow, intimidating pace towards him. Even shut his eyes to avoid what he knew was about to happen. When he assumed it was over, he peeked back into the hospital.

He was standing where the frightened man had been a moment before, scanning the room forâ€| he wasn't quite sure what he was looking for; but he intended to stop it. He tried with all his force to get under control. His body stopped rampaging a minute, twitched its head slightly and continued to search.

Even reappeared in the dungeon panting with blood oozing from his gloves. He stood up and looked around the room. Blood was splattered on the wall in front of him, and he realized he had been beating the wall. He wiped the sweat of his forehead and convinced himself to close his eyes again.

The hospital was in full alarm. Security guards poured into the room as patients were evacuated. One man pointed his rifle at him, and as soon as he pulled the trigger time seemed to slow down. Dark Assassin ran towards him, slapped his rifle to the side, and vaulted over his shoulder. As reality sped back up the bullet left the chamber in the rifle, which was now aimed at the guard next to him.

The Dark Assassin began charging towards a wall; and when he showed no sign of stopping he braced for impact.

Then suddenly Even was in the dungeon again. "Oh yeah!" He said as he closed his eyes again. He was in the armory, now covered in reopened scars when he smashed through the wall. "If it gets its hands on a gun..." Evan thought. Seeing he looked confused, Even felt relieved. "He doesn't know where I keep my gear." Smirking, as if it could sense Evan's thoughts, it walked down each row, systematically punching through lockers and grabbing through their contents.

Inevitably, it ended up in Even's Orbital Drop Shock Trooper armor holding both his Sub Machine Guns. The guards formed a line blocking the wall and took aim. "You have 'till the count of three to drop your weapons!" yelled the woman in the back with a megaphone. "One!" He crossed his arms, flicking off the safeties as he did so. "Two!" He squeezed the triggers and slowly brought the guns back together, eliminating the guard one by one; ignoring the bullets ricocheting off his chest plate. "Three." He said as the magazines slid out onto the floor.

End
file.